

# THE GOURDS' REWARDS

(홍보가, 흥부전)

A Play with Songs, in Four Acts

by John Holstein

Songs

Melodies and lyrics by John Holstein

Bbongjak Blues piano arrangement by Kim Mi-jin

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# The Gourds' Rewards

## Scenes and Songs

### ACT ONE

- Scene 1      A summer day in old rural Korea, Nolbu's house  
                  "Bongjak Blues"
- Scene 2      The same day, Nolbu's house

### ACT TWO

- Scene 1      A couple months later, Nolbu's house
- Scene 2      A month later, the Country Stores
- Scene 3      The next day, the County Prison  
                  "In This Kind of World"

### ACT THREE

- Scene 1      A month later, spring, Hungbu's shack  
                  "Enough's Never Enough"
- Scene 2      A week later, at Nolbu's

### ACT FOUR

- Scene 1      Autumn, at Nolbu's
- Scene 2      The same day, at Nolbu's  
                  "Without Us Two"  
                  "Finale Falace"  
                  "Finale"

Running Time:

90 minutes (without intermission)

## Cast of Characters

NOLBU	the eldest son of a deceased member of the gentry
NOLBU'S WIFE	
HUNGBU	Nolbu's younger brother
HUNGBU'S WIFE	
HUNGBU'S DAUGHTER	
NARRATOR	
MESSENGER	at the County Jail; at Nolbu's
MAIDEN	Hungbu's gift from the Bird King
LORD MARSHAL	an Immortal from the netherworld
GENERAL CHANG	an Immortal from the netherworld
CLERK	at the County Stores
JAILER	at the County Jail
ATTENDANTS	at the County Jail
NOLBU'S FATHER	back from the netherworld
NOLBU'S MOTHER	back from the netherworld
TAE-DDONG	Nolbu's servant

*The following can be played by any of CLERK, JAILER, MAIDEN, MESSENGER, NOLBU'S FATHER, NOLBU'S MOTHER.*

LABORER

FARMER

BEGGAR

MAID

TRADESMAN

CHICKEN

### **Pronunciation**

Hungbu: the first (unrounded) u is pronounced as if it's not there (hng); the second (rounded) u is similar to the English long u (as in 'who').

Tae-ddong: The dd is an explosive sound, pronounced like the td in sat down.

# The Gourds' Rewards

## ACT ONE

### Scene 1

*Just before the curtain raises, the house lights have dimmed and the theatre is quiet. A loud CRASH! of pottery being smashed startles the audience, and another CRASH! sounds a couple seconds later.*

MAN'S VOICE: *(in dismay)* OH-H-H-H, my pots! Please don't, Master Nolbu! *(another crash)* No, Master, I'll pay you back. Just a little more time, please! *(Two more crashes, and the MAN wails.)*

WOMAN'S VOICE: *(ten seconds later)* No, master! No! EE-E-E-E-K! *(Wrestling squeals of the Woman and lewd, malicious male giggle.)*

CHICKEN'S VOICE: *(ten seconds later; contentedly)* Cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck... *Cluck?...* *(in alarm)* CLUCK! *(in panic)* SQUAWK-SQUAWK-SQUAWK! ... *Squawk!* ... *(its dying breath)* squawk ...

*Ten seconds later, the Narrator, in commoner's clothing, carrying a whisk broom under his arm, a primitive dust pan (filled with pot shards) in one hand, a long maid's skirt over his arm, and a dead chicken in the other hand, slips through the curtain at stage center and heads toward Stage Right, shaking his head and tsk-tsking in disapproval. He does a double take when he notices the audience.*

NARRATOR: Oh, excuse me! Just cleaning up. *(He shows what he is carrying, then shakes his head again in disapproval.)* Nolbu again. To tell the truth, he's pretty well-behaved today. So far he's only destituted one debtor *(indicating the pot shards in his dust pan)*, molested one maid *(indicating her long, shabby skirt)*, and chilled one chicken *(indicating the chicken)*. On a good day he'll foreclose on a farm or two, send his maid's husband to prison, mug a couple beggars... So you wonder, why on earth doesn't someone straighten him out? Simple: Nolbu is one of them gentry — a yangban — and there's no commoner I ever met who would tell a yangban how to behave, especially one as nasty as Nolbu.

Yep, he's a bad one all right, bad as they come. But it's not all his fault. He was just born that way. You and I now, we've got our five cardinal organs (*pointing with difficulty, because of all he's holding, at each organ named*) — the heart, the liver, the lungs, the spleen, the... the... (*trying to reach in back for the kidneys, but unable to because of his load, so pointing to a likely place on the chicken*)... kidney's! And six minor organs (*again pointing*) — the large intestine, small intestine, the stomach... (*but, for the gall bladder*) and... and... Now where did that gall bladder go? Eh, who needs it... ! The bladder, the stomach, and, you guessed it, the bowel. Nolbu has the same six minor organs, but he has a surplus of the cardinal — he was born with an extra spleen (*pointing to the spleen*).

Well, even the absolutely vilest son-of-a-gun you can imagine has something good about him. Nolbu does — his younger brother, Hungbu. Hungbu's as good as they come, as good as Nolbu is bad. Hungbu's so good, in fact, that he's the only one around this town that doesn't hate Nolbu. Except for Nolbu's wife, who's just as mean as Nolbu is bad.

But Nolbu does *not* like Hungbu. Can't stand him. Why, just the other day... Listen — as long as you're here, how about if I just tell you the whole story? You hold on just a second there, while I get rid of these things (*indicating the things he is carrying, then walking off Stage Right*)

*The curtain opens on the yard in front of Nolbu's grand house, on which is hung a sign spelling out "Nolbu's." It is a lazy summer afternoon. Nolbu is wearing informal traditional summer wear, and Nolbu's Wife is in somewhat more formal traditional daily wear. Nolbu is lying on a platform, and his Wife is pacing back and forth.*

NOLBU'S WIFE: No, no more! I can *not* take it any more. These responsibilities your father left us with — harvesting all those fields... (*Nolbu starts snoring. She looks down at him, smiles.*) Are you listening to me dear... ?

*She kneels down quietly, looks at him with adoration, tracing her finger lovingly over his lips; then she tenderly pinches his nose till he sputters awake. He sits up abruptly, and she lays her head on his shoulder.*

NOLBU: (*jerking his shoulder from under her head*) Not now, woman. It's just not proper in the middle of the day. (*standing*) And anyway, it's me — the man — that's supposed to start that stuff.

NOLBU'S WIFE: (*shrugging, gets up*) You're right of course, dear. Anyway, as I was saying...

NOLBU: You were saying. But when *aren't* you saying?

*Wife gets up and, after she starts talking, he drops back off to sleep.*

NOLBU'S WIFE: ... about all these responsibilities we have. Harvesting all those fields we can't even find sometimes, feeding all these slaves and servants I can't even count, managing this huge house with so many rooms I haven't even been into yet... (*She notices him sleeping again. MUSIC: "Bhongjak Blues: Nolbu's Wife."*)

*Sings*

Oh me, oh my! Oh my, oh me!

Days like this make me forget  
how pleasant being rich can be.

This big old place with all its slaves and space —  
don't know where I am or who I'm talking to.

Mama said he'd care for me.

That just ain't so.

Body and soul do crave him  
but he doesn't even know,  
or his libido is awfully low.

His empty heart, oh Lord,  
my empty arms awaiting  
for him to come and fill them...

Oh me, oh my!

(*Speaks*) That's right, you sleep away, while I *pine* away — for you, who care nothing... And waste away with all...

NOLBU: (*groggily at first*) Waste away! As if a woman had anything to do besides enjoy all her man provides her. By the sweat of his brow. By the aches in his bones. Just look at me, always exhausted like this... But! Just when it seems too much to bear, when I want to get rid of all this and move to a humble shack in the mountains and write poetry... I remember that I am first son. First. Son. Like that one and only sun up there that lights the earth and gives the sky its blue. (*MUSIC: "Bhongjak Blues: Nolbu"*)

*Sings*

Blue, so blue you sky you,

but no bluer than this heart of mine.  
They say we gentry are rich and care-free,  
lazy, greedy, serpentine. Ha:  
Ever hear about noblesse oblige?  
And then I'm eldest son, and male too;  
add a sense of duty  
and what have you?  
Me, forever blue.

Daddy told me "You're the boss now,  
you're eldest son and a man, Boy.  
Your brother's counting on you."  
Ha! Little did my daddy know  
how much Hungbu and his family eat.

And then there's the Wife — oh, Lord! —  
utterly dependent on me.  
All alone with my responsibilities.  
But, that's the way life is  
and how it's gonna be.

*(Speaks)* Yes, that's the way life is, and there's no getting around it. My noble station, my seniority,  
my sex... *(Nolbu's Wife rolls her eyes)* So I humble myself, and accept the cross that comes with  
these honors.

NOLBU'S WIFE: Certainly, dear. But does this honorable cross include losing everything you own  
because of your little brother?

NOLBU: Little brother? Hungbu?

NOLBU'S WIFE: Hungbu. He and his wife and all those noisy brats of his are going to eat up everything  
you have and send you to that humble mountain shack before you even learn how to write poetry.

NOLBU: How many kids did they have at last count?

NOLBU'S WIFE: Fourteen at last count, going on fifteen. All his wife does all day is stuff all those ravenous mouths so we have to keep on slaving away to keep on earning money to keep on spending money so she can keep on feeding them.

NOLBU: Enough. Enough. I don't care about the money, not a bit. Anyone knows you could give a yangban all the money in the world and it wouldn't bother him, not a bit. But that Hungbu is going to have to learn some independence. I mean, what if I weren't here to look after him — he could never manage by himself. Yes, I am going to have to teach this brother-in-law of yours some independence... (*MUSIC: "Bbongjak Blues: Nolbu and Nolbu's Wife."*)

*Sings*

Independence, that's the difference  
between a man and his wife.

WIFE: (*Sings*)

Fourteen and going on fifteen!  
He could use a heavy dose  
of whatever it is you've got.

NOLBU: (*Sings*)

Yes, he's got to learn self-control.

WIFE: (*Sings*)

Got to learn some independence.

NOLBU and WIFE: (*Sing*)

And we're the ones to teach it!  
Hungbu, out you go...  
and take your family with you!

*They laugh and hug each other, then Nolbu suddenly realizes what he's doing and pushes away from his Wife.*

## Scene 2

*Nolbu's house. Hungbu is standing in the yard in front of Nolbu, who is resting on the front porch.*

NOLBU: But why *fifteen*?

HUNGBU: (*confused*) I... I do not know. It just seems to happen every time I...

NOLBU: The Golden Mean, Hungbu. Ever hear of that? The Golden Mean. That means enough is enough. No, enough is too much.

HUNGBU: (*more confused*) How can enough be too... ?

NOLBU: Father left me so little, to provide for so many. But that's not the point. You know me well enough to know I'd give my kin the shirt off my back if I thought he really needed it. The point is, you have to learn to be independent. Do you want to depend on someone else the rest of your life?

HUNGBU: But what can I do? I am a yangban.

NOLBU: So am I. Do you see me starving? In-de-pend-ence. Learn independence, like I did. So, for your own good, I want you out of here. By tomorrow.

HUNGBU: But where... ? And how... ?

NOLBU: No buts. Wherever. However. Confucius said, "The superior man does not seek fulfillment of his appetite, nor comfort in his lodging." Tomorrow.

*Nolbu gets up and waddle-struts arrogantly off Stage Right, leaving Hungbu standing there, devastated. The Narrator appears from Stage Right.*

NARRATOR: And that was that. There was nothing at all Hungbu could do but accept his cruel fate...

*Hungbu shrugs despondently and walks off Stage Right. A short while later, as the Narrator talks, Hungbu's Wife, in tattered traditional commoner's clothing, and wearing a baby wrapper crammed with babies (two, three, or four baby dolls, which she carries throughout the play), enters Stage Left with one small bundle containing all the family's belongings.*

So the next morning Hungbu's wife had all of the family's belongings packed and ready to go.

*Hungbu's Wife puts the bundle down at her feet. Nolbu's Wife enters Stage Right in the same arrogant yangban waddle-strut that Nolbu just walked offstage in, and notices the bag at Hungbu's Wife's feet.*

NOLBU'S WIFE: Going somewhere, little sister? (*cackling like a witch, then abruptly narrowing her eyes and speaking maliciously*) Well then, let's see what you're sneaking off with you. Open that thing up and give us a look.

HUNGBU'S WIFE: (*stepping in between the bundle and Nolbu's Wife, wringing her hands in supplication*) But ma'am, it's... it's... nothing but clothes, ma'am.

NOLBU'S WIFE: I'm sure. And just whose clothes might they be now? Mine, I'll bet. Wouldn't you look just fine in the clothes of a *real* lady? Ha! Now stop stalling — open it up.

*Hungbu's Wife, in her confusion, doesn't move, so Nolbu's Wife pushes her aside and tears open the bundle. She starts rummaging through the clothes. Soon she gasps, then pulls out a faded, patched blouse.*

NOLBU'S WIFE: So! Just what I thought! My clothes — my best blouse!

HUNGBU'S WIFE: But I found that in the garbage two years ago, ma'am.

NOLBU'S WIFE: Garbage? *My* clothes? (*Gets up.*) And who would have put it there in the first place, just so you could say, (*mimicking*) "I found that in the garbage, ma'am"? (*She sticks it under her arm, goes back to the bundle and starts rummaging again.*)

HUNGBU'S WIFE: But what will I have to wear...?

NOLBU'S WIFE: What's wrong with what you're wearing now? (*She goes back to her rummaging.*) This is getting very interesting... (*Horried, she pulls out a baby jacket patched together from several different materials.*) Oh no! (*She holds out a sleeve.*) Husband's stocking! (*She holds out another sleeve.*) My wedding veil, oh! (*She sobs once into it, then holds up the back of the jacket.*) My under— (*She blushes, then hides it.*) How dare you!

HUNGBU'S WIFE: But ma'am, you threw it away!

NOLBU'S WIFE: And how am I ever supposed to face the children again? (*She holds up the jacket again and looks at its back.*) My under— Oh! (*She shudders, and hides it under her arm.*)

HUNGBU'S WIFE: But you'll never see them again. You told us never to come back.

NOLBU'S WIFE: And with good reason. You've been stealing from us long enough. (*spying a pendant on Hungbu's Wife's jacket*) What on earth? Where do you think you're going with that pendant?

HUNGBU'S WIFE: Forgive me, ma'am, but... well... I really don't know where we're going yet.

NOLBU'S WIFE: I'm not asking you where you're going, I'm asking you what you're doing with that pendant.

HUNGBU'S WIFE: (*looking ever so briefly at Nolbu's Wife, confused; then casting down her eyes again and answering meekly*) I'm... well... I guess I'm wearing it, ma'am.

NOLBU'S WIFE: I can see that, sweetie.

HUNGBU'S WIFE: (*confused, meekly*) ... Yes, ma'am.

NOLBU'S WIFE: (*exasperated*) That's my pendant.

HUNGBU'S WIFE: (*flustered, wanting to be respectful, but also wanting to keep the pendant*) Ma'am, it was Hungbu's mother's. Father gave it to me the day he kicked — I mean passed away.

NOLBU'S WIFE: Maybe so. But he croa— passed away *here*, and here is my house, and here it stays. Besides, Father left everything to my husband and he never said anything about you getting any pendant. So, Father's gone, and you're going... and *that stays here*.

*She rips the pendant off her vest. Hungbu's Wife gasps and sobs. Nolbu's Wife stalks off with the pendant, laughing her cruel witch's laugh. As the curtain slowly closes, Hungbu's Wife is weeping silently, and the audience hears a weepy "Hearts and Flowers." She collapses, sitting cross-legged on the ground, and slowly, rhythmically pounds the floor in despair with her slipper.*

CURTAIN

## Afterword

### The story

The story about Hungbu and his nasty brother Nolbu takes place pretty close to where Chun Hyang and Mong Yong lived and loved, in a small town just north of beautiful and vast Chiri Mountain. The time is the eighteenth century, the society is a monarchy, with an aristocracy, commoners, and a low-born class. Confucianism is the nation's principle system of belief (though commoners and low-born — and yangban wives, secretly — also adhere to Buddhism and practice Shamanism).

One of Confucianism's five principles governing human relationships is the theme of this story. In addition to the principles governing interaction between state and subject, husband and wife, father and child, and friends, Koreans followed a principle that guided the relationship between elder and younger brother. The older brother was (and still is) superior to the younger, and was supposed to be a guide to moral and social advancement; in case the younger brother should have difficulties, it was the elder brother's responsibility to extricate the younger from those difficulties. To enable the elder brother to succeed in his obligation, he inherited everything when his father died, and, in return for the elder brother's support, the younger brother owed him willing submission in everything. There are many stories of irresponsible elder brothers who squandered the inheritance and destituted the whole family. Nolbu shows how this principle was often abused in another way.

But this story also promotes the key Confucian principle of the power of moral suasion. This means more than the “reward good and punish evil” principle (*gweon-seon-jing-ak*) that forms the theme for so many Chosun dynasty stories. The idea is that we have the power in us — as well as the responsibility — to turn evil into good through example. And the story emphasizes this lesson with an interesting twist: the elder brother, who is supposed to be the moral superior, is morally inferior to the younger brother, and the younger brother also reverses roles by straightening out the elder brother.<sup>1</sup>

Some explanation may be useful in understanding the odd behavior of younger brother Hungbu. Why was Hungbu so ineffectual in providing for his family in their dire plight? A couple hundred years later many Koreans are questioning his naiveté and passiveness. Hungbu strove to be a yangban not only in name but in spirit. There were actually more than one kind of yangban. The stereotypical one — the one depicted in the media — was the government official with wealth and erudition. Most of that class were rich, but not all were scholarly. As the number of yangban claiming nobility increased (because it was hereditary), it became more and more difficult to obtain a position in a government which was not expanding at the same rate. The result of this was an increase in the number of countryside literati, those who passed the licentiate examination required for higher office but had no clan or faction members in government to open doors for them in the city. They were often forced to survive on support from their wealthier clan members or on small-scale farming. Hungbu belonged to this class of “fallen yangban,” who saw themselves as poor but scholarly and high-minded. Membership in the yangban class required a disdain for money (yangban did not actually touch money), and membership in this country scholar class required lofty language and a strong sense of righteousness. And Nolbu represents the third kind of yangban, who didn’t pass the licentiate and therefore had neither a position in government nor the credentials for literati status; they devoted themselves to the sole purpose of acquiring wealth. Whatever class a yangban belonged to, however, physical labor — except for farming — was beneath them. (Even towards the end of the twentieth century one heard now and then about impoverished, landless male descendants of yangban staying at home to avoid sullyng their yangban name with menial labor, while the wife went out to earn the family’s keep by selling apples on the street, taking in laundry, or doing other such humble labor.)

Wicked, greedy Nolbu is certainly not one of those dilettante literati; he’s at the other extreme, the Philistine engaged only in building his fortune. He represents the type of aristocrat, more and more common as the Chosun dynasty aged, that used his or his ancestor’s or his clan or faction member’s position in government to aggrandize wealth and power for his clan. Such a yangban, whose behavior eventually ruined the Chosun dynasty, gained wealth through exploiting the classes beneath him, and built up power by slandering his aristocratic competitors. The newly emerging bourgeois and even some uncorrupted, progressive aristocrats used pansori to vent their indignation and expose such practices.

### **Origins**

As one of Korea’s most important pansori, the Tale of Hungbu has been the object of many academic papers, many of which focus on the tale’s origin. Every writer agrees that similar tales with a theme of karmic reward and retribution can be found all throughout Asia, specifically in Buddhism’s sphere of influence. While a similar tale might be a source for the basic theme and elements in a story, though, a source is not necessarily a story’s origin.

Different scholars have suggested different origins. Some scholars believe that the original story is indigenous. They refer to the Tale of Bang-i (*bang-i seolhwa*), an account recorded in the Koryeo dynasty (918 – 1392 A.D.) of two characters who lived during the Shilla dynasty (57 B.C. - 935 A.D.). The poor but virtuous elder brother (Bang-i) asks his rich but wicked younger brother for some silkworm eggs (for clothing) and rice seeds (for food); the younger brother plays the nasty trick of

boiling the eggs and seeds before giving them to his brother. One of the silkworm eggs manages to survive and grows into a silkworm the size of a cow, and when Bang-i's younger brother sees this he kills it out of spite. Other silkworms in the area gather together, make silk, and give it to Bang-i. One of the rice seeds also survives and grows into a seedling. A bird flies by and snatches the seedling, and Bang-i follows the bird into the forest; the bird enters the cleavage between two boulders, and while Bang-i is trying to figure out how to retrieve his seedling, out come a few children with magic mallets. If they want something — food, clothing or anything else — whatever they hit with the mallets turns into their heart's desire. When they go back into their cave one of the children leaves a mallet behind, which Bang-i takes home and uses to live comfortably ever after. His greedy younger brother sees this and goes to the children's cave the next night, but the children see him and accuse him of having stolen their magic mallet. They pull his nose so hard that he ends up looking like an elephant, and he eventually dies of shame. Korean stories seem to be blessed with the most interesting — and sometimes most gruesome — images; read “The Fart Merchant” in the Notes appendix for another example.<sup>2</sup>

In that Tale of Bang-i we can find an interesting resemblance to *The Song Bag*, another play in this book. In the Bang-i and Song Bag stories, just as in *The Gourds' Rewards*, there are a good protagonist and a wicked antagonist, supernatural karmic reward and retribution, and a twist.<sup>3</sup> This is an example of how stories develop and evolve over the ages through exposure to each other in the process of transmission.

Some say that our story was imported from Mongolia, some say India, and others say Japan. One of the stories, which a few scholars conjecture as having come from Mongolia (while others think it originated in Korea and then traveled to Mongolia), was *Two Gourds, Two Maidens* (*bak taneun cheonyeo*). A maiden mends the broken leg of a swallow; the swallow returns the following spring and gives her a gourd seed. She plants it and the gourd yields treasures of gold and silver. Another maiden in the village hears this, breaks the leg of a healthy swallow, then mends it. The swallow returns the next spring, gives her a gourd seed, and the gourd yields poisonous snakes which kill her.

The jataka story from India, *Tale of the Gourd*, has also been mentioned as a contender for the origin of Hungbu's story. This story, however, includes neither a greedy or wicked person nor the theme of karmic retribution. Another jataka story features good and wicked characters, and karmic reward and retribution, but the vehicle bearing reward and punishment is branches, not gourds. A third jataka has the same characters and theme as the second, but the vehicle is a shed instead of a gourd. Professor In Gweon-hwan, the scholar whose paper I depended heavily upon in my research of Harelip's origin, hypothesizes that the plot and major elements in Korean pansori versions of Hungbu, which our play is based on, are from a combination of these three Buddhist stories and indigenous Korean folklore.<sup>4</sup> (See the introduction to *Harelip* for a detailed discussion of the interaction between jataka and Korean lore in the development of our plays' stories.)

### **Our play**

Okhwangsangje, who is in charge of punishing Nolbu, is the Jade Emperor, a Taoist deity. He is ruler of heaven, the highest deity in Taoism. He is also “the mythical Yellow Emperor of prehistoric China, progenitor of the race.”<sup>5</sup> Since he's Taoist, we can be very sure that he occupies a prominent place in any Shamanist shrine. Buddhism also claims him; we can see him in paintings in temples. The mix-up with his name in our play is just a silly play on Chinese characters: homophonic characters when repositioned make him sound like Emperor of the Roof.

The first song in our play — *Bbongjak Blues* — was composed with the intention of introducing one type of traditional Korean music that isn't so old. It represents the rhythm we call *bbongjak*, which onomatopoeically represents this genre's beat. It's foxtrot, which Japan introduced to Korea at the beginning of the twentieth century during their colonization of the country. *Bbongjak* is now popular mainly among Koreans over 50. It represents the dowdy, unsophisticated, innocent era that they lived in before Korea achieved full modernization in the 1980s.

We have available to us approximately forty versions of Hungbu's story that were written between the early nineteenth century and the present. From several versions I selected the elements that I considered best for our play. As Korean writers felt free to do, I have also made a few minor modifications. For example, the most popular version of the ending of the original story was didactically and boringly simple: Nolbu repented and lived with Hungbu happily ever after. Our new ending presents a small mischievous twist.

## Notes

1. This entire paragraph presents ideas found in Grayson, pp. 51-69. The article provides an interesting discussion of the "double contrastive narrative structure" (a structure that enhances role reversal) and a hypothesis that "What distinguishes these [Chosun dynasty] Korean tales from similar folk stories from East Asia and elsewhere is the great didactic use made of these tales to reinforce, and in some cases to double reinforce, such Confucian virtues as the power of moral suasion and filial piety."
2. A poor but virtuous younger brother found some honey and ate it; after this he blew heavenly-scented farts, and people paid him to blow farts for them. He soon became a very rich man. His greedy and wicked brother saw this and got the same idea; but he was unable to find honey, so he ate a lot of beans. He was invited to a party, where, instead of fragrant farts he blew shit farts that smelled horrible. He was beaten to death. In, 1975, p. 34.
3. Seong.
4. In, 1975.
5. Covell, Jon Carter, p. 65.